

Withrow m^r Clintie



Withrow
Daughter, Hester and friend



Withrow





THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1931

Withrow McClintic Is Called To Rest Here After A Long Illness

Withrow McClintic, Aged 67 Years
Passes Away At Home Near Buck-
eye After Illness Of Several Mon-
ths—Interment In Mtn. View Ce-
metery.

Withrow McClintic was born April 23, 1864, at the ancestral home of his grandfather, at Mill Point, Pocahontas county, the son of William H. and Mary A. (Mathews) McClintic, and died October 30, 1931. He came of a long line of ancestors, both paternal and maternal, prominent and distinguished in the history of state and church in Virginia and West Virginia. His parents moved to the farm at Buckeye in the year 1868 where the deceased grew to manhood and spent his life in the home in which he died.

He was united in marriage April 15, 1908, to Miss Bessie L. Phillips, of Arhvale in this county.

He made a profession of his faith in Christ at an evangelistic meeting held by the Rev. J. E. Flow, D. D., at Buckeye, and united with the Marlinton Presbyterian church, November 9, 1922. He was interested in the organization of a Presbyterian church at Buckeye and became one of the charter members of the Swann Presbyterian church which was organized, September 23, 1923, and was the first ruling elder elected by that congregation, and upon the dissolution of this church he returned his membership to the Marlinton church of which he remained a faithful member until his death.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Bessie L. McClintic, and one brother the Honorable George W. McClintic, Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern district of West Virginia, at Charleston. Three brothers have preceded him in death, Hunter H. McClintic of Buckeye, Edward D. McClintic, of Seattle, Washington, and Lockhart M. McClintic, of Marlinton.

Funeral services were held on last Saturday afternoon with interment in the Mountain View cemetery.

Bessie Phillips McClinton



JANUARY 22, 1943

Deaths

Mrs. Withrow McClinton

Mrs. Bessie Phillips McClinton, aged 72 years, widow of the late Withrow McClinton, died on Thursday, January 15, 1948, after a short illness. On Saturday afternoon her body was laid to rest in Mountain View Cemetery. The service was held from the Presbyterian Church by her pastor, Rev. Roger P. Melton. This is marked the passing of a truly good woman, a life long christian and member of the Presbyterian Church.

Pallbearers were Beecher Meadows, Norval Pifer, Wayne Jackson, Frank Harper, Eugene Ammons and James Howard.

Flower girls were Mesdames Paul Gladwell, Mary Evans, E. H. Patterson, Jess McNeill, Beecher Meadows, Norval Pifer, Ralph Moore, and Miss Louise Smith.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Amos and Phoebe Kerr Phillips. Forty years ago she became the wife of the late Withrow McClinton. They are survived by their adopted daughter, Mrs. Bay McElwee. Of her father's family there remain her brothers, Joseph and James Phillips, both of Pennsylvania.

Robert (Bay) McElwee, wife Hester McClinton



and
son,
Gary
McElwee

Hester McClinton & Bay McElwee
married by the Rev. J. - Wool at
the Pres. Church on Oct. 10, 1942

Bay served in the Sea Beers
during W.W.II.

Their son Gary ^{David} was b.
Nov. 20, 1946. He married Sandra

Morgan and they live in
Winter Park, Fla.



Cook & Cooker on Barlow Top.

Judge M. S. Clintie
and
Joe Wilson
at camp

in any way.
He was a kindly man. His kindred
his neighbors and his friends else-
where had many evidences of the nat-
ural kindness of his heart.

He was a good son and a great help
in time of need to his family. As the
supporter and protector of his Father
and Mother in their old age and last
days and the helper and keeper of
young and dependent nephews and
nieces, he only showed in his quiet
way, that he was a man in every
good sense of the word.

In many days and weeks, which w
spent together in camp, in my house
or driving in conveyances, he was al-
ways courteous, always thoughtful of
other people's wishes or wants, and
always companionable and agreeable.

By reason of being engaged in hold-
ing a busy term of Court at Bluefield,
I was unable to attend the funeral
services. If the fates had permitted
my presence there, I would gladly
have borne testimony to all I
said about as to this good man. I
could, out of the f
fession of my heart, have said in wor
which a cold type will not express.
A good man is gone. Peace to L.

Sincerely
Geo. W. McClintic

FROM JUDGE MCCLINTIC

Editor Times:

I wish to impose upon you and to
use some of your space to note the
death of Joseph Wilson my friend
and much companion for thirty-five
years, and to express an appreciation
of his life and his death.

1887, and

at age

A tribute to Joe Wilson,
a black friend of the
Judge.



CHARLESTON papers announce the coming marriage of Miss Ethel Knight to George W. McClintic, Esq., of the Kanawha bar, the ceremony to take place on the 19th inst. It will be a home wedding, witnessed only by the close friends of the contracting parties. Mr. McClintic is a native of Pocahontas county, a son of the late Wm. H. McClintic, and a brother of L. M. McClintic, of Marlinton. Miss Knight is a daughter of the late Edward B. Knight, of the Kanawha bar, and a sister of the present distinguished Charleston attorney of that name.

When they married in 1907, my father took my mother to the hunting camp for a couple of days to show her what it was like.

She never fired a gun in her life. The picture is a joke.

E. K. McClintic



Ethel Knight McClintic, wife of Judge George McClintic



Judge George and his daughter Betty

VERY SMALL TALK

By DIDDY MATHEW'S PALMER



FIRST MEETING -- It was 20 or 40 years ago when Guthrie McClintic made his first visit to his parents' native West Virginia to get acquainted with kinfolk in this state. This picture was taken during that first session in Charleston, which he mentions in his new book "Me And Kit." With him is the uncle who looked at him "as if a termite had burrowed into the clan," the late Judge George W. McClintic (center), and his cousin J. Hunter McClintic (right), whom he envied for his "unlinguist red automobile." Guthrie is now one of the country's leading theatrical directors, and the husband of actress Katherine Cornell.



Ellen - Betty + Hunter

Holds Last Court in Huntington



Judge George W. McClintic

HUNTINGTON, Sept. 11.—(AP)—Federal Judge George W. McClintic, for years the presiding jurist in the southern West Virginia district, disposed of 34 cases in holding his final term in Huntington. Another judge to be named by President Roosevelt hereafter will hold Huntington sessions. Judge McClintic will preside at terms in Lexington, Charleston and Bluefield. (AP Photo)

Our Judge McClintic

Judge George W. McClintic, of the Federal Court for the Southern District of West Virginia, held his last regular term of court at Lewisburg last week. His resignation was effective at the expiration of this term of court. He now takes a retired position on salary, subject to call whenever his service is required. Thus ends twenty years of outstanding service to the people of his Nation and State, as a true and just judge, able, efficient, merciful, worthy in every respect. What higher praise can be accorded to any man?

Judge McClintic is succeeded by Judge Ben Moore, of the Charleston Bar. He is fifty years old, and a native of Kentucky. He has high standing as a man and lawyer. He has had experience on the bench as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Domestic Relations for Kanawha County. The report is that Judge McClintic had much to say as to whom his successor would be. If this be so, and I believe it, I desire no higher recommendation of Judge Moore.

While it is a proper ambition for any lawyer to desire to top out his career in public service as a judge on the bench, I will now confess to the feeling of disappointment I had twenty years ago when the President appointed Lawyer McClintic as Judge of the Federal Court for the Southern District of West Virginia. Of course I knew he would be a great and good judge. However, the State of West Virginia was in a rather poor way at that time; in need of a farsighted and positive man for governor. The then dominant party was not putting forward its best for head man of the State. In short, we, the people, were longing for such an administration of affairs of state as did not come until the election of Governor Kump, three long four year terms later.

At that time, Judge McClintic, as majority leader in the House of Delegates, had proven himself to be the outstanding man of his party and the State. So, I had anticipated his election, to the office of governor, and his effective administration of this our highest State office.

The office of judge is an institution so much more ancient than that of governor, we are all so steeped in Anglo-Saxon lore that we take it for granted a good man will just naturally be picked to fill it regardless. Besides, the ancient office is hedged by tradition, precedent and practice, to be filled by a lawyer whose study, work and experience naturally fits him to exercise the duties of a judge.

As for the comparatively new office of governor, the office of a statesman, it is a position of great responsibility and honor.

He life to properly prepare one for it. The best preparation for the office is a term of service, and Thomas Jefferson so fixed things for us that a governor of West Virginia cannot serve successive terms.

As I expected, Judge McClintic magnified the office of Federal Judge. He made precedents which will be followed. This is particularly true in the matter of probation of first offenders. He will go down in history of American jurisprudence as the father of this merciful and constructive practice. Then, too, there is the matter of his careful consideration and painstaking investigation of every conviction or confession before sentence is meted out or probation granted.

In dealing with his own case in the matter of his retirement, I think I clearly see fine demonstration of Judge McClintic's judicial temperament. He weighed matters as carefully, impersonally and impartially as if he was sitting on a case in court. He is in full strength of his mental faculties; he is physically able to do the work, and to find joy therein. However, he has reached the ripe age of seventy-five years, and he remarked in effect that often times men became old very fast after this age.



Judge to Speak

Federal Judge George W. McClintic, above, will address members of the Charleston Kiwanis club at their weekly luncheon Tuesday at the Daniel Boone hotel. His subject will be "The Work of the Federal Court."

Charleston Kiwanians are making plans to send a delegation to the international convention June 16-20 at Minneapolis, Minn. One of the delegates will be James S. Conley, president of the civic group. Two delegates and two alternates will be elected "in the near future," Club Secretary Mont J. Carmack announced Saturday.

Entertained at Spa



A large number of people were guests of Oscar Nelson of Charleston at The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, after the cattle sale Saturday at Nelson's Marlunda Farms near Lewisburg.

Pictured above (left to right) are Mrs. Fred Engstrom, Fed. Judge George W. McClintic and Osman E. Swartz, all of Charleston.

Judge McClintic To Retire Jan. 14

Federal Jurist Is Known For Peppery Charges To Grand Jury

Federal Judge George W. McClintic, best known for his advocacy of probation for first offenders and for his forthright charges of grand jurors, announced yesterday he would retire on his 78th birthday, Jan. 14, 1941.

By that time he will have served 15½ years on the southern West Virginia district bench. He was appointed by President Warren G. Harding and began his duties July 23, 1925.

McClintic declined to elaborate upon a brief statement announcing he planned to retire "under the provisions of Title 28, Section 374, as amended of the United States Code."

To Be Second for FDR

When he steps down, President Roosevelt will have his second opportunity to appoint a federal judge in West Virginia. Judge Harry Watkins of Fairmont, who sits in specified cities in both the northern and southern districts, was the first Roosevelt appointee.

Both McClintic and Judge W. E. Baker of Elkins, northern district jurist, are Republicans. Both also were appointed by President Harding, Baker being the first judge named by the Harding administration.

The southern district, composed of 16 counties, has stations of court at Charleston, Bluefield and Huntington. McClintic has held court only at Charleston, Lewisburg and Blue-

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Judge McClintic Plans To Retire on Jan. 14



(Continued from Page 1)

field since the appointment of Watkins.

Advocated Probation

Although McClintic has been a staunch advocate of probation, second offenders who appeared before him usually had difficulty advancing satisfactory explanations for their recidivism and habitual violators ordinarily received maximum sentences.

The showing of sessions of the federal court invariably attracted considerable interest because of McClintic's peppery grand jury charges.

In handling up matters to be brought to the attention of grand jurors, he never has minced words and his unusual vocabulary added to the color of his remarks. The judge's words on conditions within his jurisdiction have been widely quoted.

Attended Rensselaer College

He was born Jan. 14, 1866, in Pocahontas county and was graduated from Rensselaer college in 1889 with an degree of bachelor of arts. He then attended the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, graduating three years later with a degree of bachelor of laws.

After admission to the bar in Charleston, he became one of the state's most prominent lawyers. McClintic became a justice member of the bar of Maryland and McClintic. The law firm was reorganized in 1920 as McClintic, Baker and Associates, and incorporated in 1921.

For a short time before the death of Federal Judge Benjamin F. Keller, McClintic was associate judge. He was named as city solicitor of Charleston and in 1924 was elected a member of the state senate.

Judge M'Clintic Dies at Home

Services Will Be Conducted At Kanawha Presbyterian Church Tomorrow

Services for George Warwick McClintic, 76, retired judge of the United States district court in southern West Virginia, who died at his home, 1898 Kanawha boulevard E., yesterday morning, after a long illness, will be held at 4 p. m. tomorrow at the Kanawha Presbyterian church.

Rev. Warren S. Stone will conduct the services.

The body is to be cremated, and buried at a Masonic service at Spring Hill cemetery, probably next Thursday afternoon with Simpson's mortuary in charge.

Appointed by Harding

Soon after the late President Harding appointed him judge to succeed the late Judge Ben F. Keller, Judge McClintic gained nationwide notice for his decisions in labor injunction cases and his sentences imposed on prohibition law violators.

Judge McClintic was commonly credited with being one of only three of the 84 federal district judges in the nation who consistently and continuously tried to enforce the federal prohibition laws. He and the other two judges—Judge Cochrane in Kentucky and a judge in a Texas district—between them, during the '20's and early '30's frequently had more prisoners to their credit in the federal penal institutions than the other 81 judges combined.

Frequently, in one day, he disposed of 125 prohibition cases in his court. His penitentiary, jail and probation sentences ran from 1,200 to 1,500 a year. He used the federal probation system freely, and was largely credited with proving that it could be made to work under adverse circumstances.

Conducted Trial in New York

He was probably even more bitter toward violators of the narcotic laws.

His charges to his grand juries were masterpieces of invective against violators of the prohibition and drug laws, and against any racket that drew his passing notice. He commented freely and scathingly on the conduct of public officials, and backed his words with action when he got betrayers of public trust before his bench.

Judge McClintic figured on the national scene frequently. One of these occasions was when he sat in the trial of New York's famous William Fallon, a leading practitioner of criminal law in the rash racket days of the 1920's. Fallon acted as his own attorney, and he and Judge McClintic staged a battle of wits and tongue that drew to the New York court room a capacity audience for days. Fallon won on appeal.

Judge McClintic was born in Pocahontas county Jan. 14, 1866, the son of William M. and Mary McClintic. He was educated in the public schools of Kanawha county, A. B. 1889, and A. M. 1892, and University of Virginia law degree in 1893. He went to Denver and practiced law for two years, then returned to Charleston and became a partnership with Walter S. Stone.

He was educated in the Pocahontas common schools, Rensselaer college, A. B. 1889, and A. M. 1892, and University of Virginia law degree in 1893. He went to Denver and practiced law for two years, then returned to Charleston and became a partnership with Walter S. Stone.

In his early days, Judge McClintic was a Democrat, but most of his political offices came after he joined the Republican ranks. He was prosecuting attorney of Putnam county, Charleston city solicitor, and member of the house of delegates from Kanawha county, an office he held when he was appointed judge. He was one of the dominant figures in the legislature while he was a member.

The judge was a member of the A. F. and A. M., a Knight Templar, Shriner and Scottish Rite, and a past grandmaster of the West Virginia lodge.

A daughter, Miss Elizabeth McClintic of Charleston, survives.

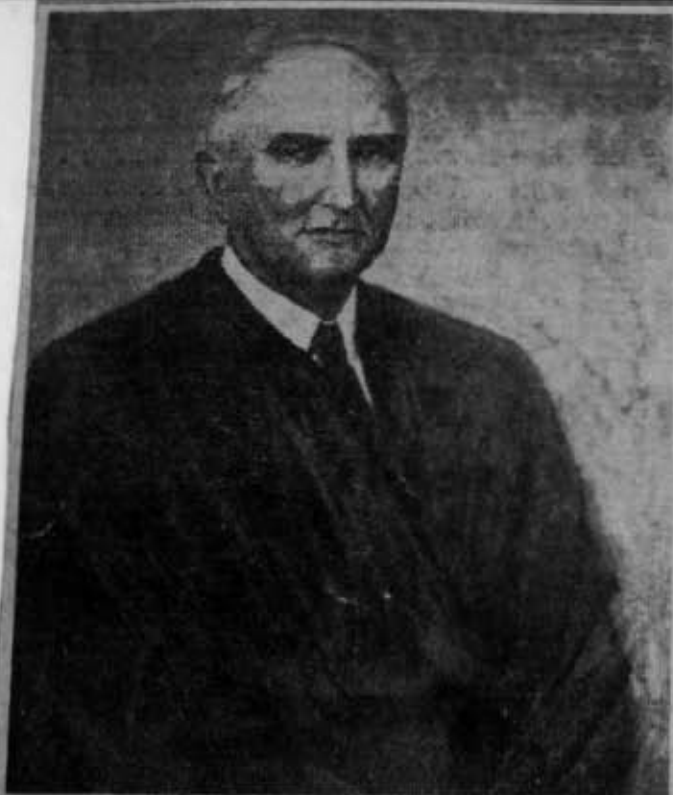
Mrs. McClintic died in 1934, one year before Judge McClintic's health began noticeably to fail. He continued to serve as judge until March 1941, when he retired, but on occasion returned to the bench when other judges in the state were pressed with work.

His successor is Judge Ben Moore, who yesterday said that in the passing of Judge McClintic the "judiciary loses one of its best loved and honored members."

A. Guy Stone, president of the Bar Association of the City of Charleston, announced the appointment of the following committee "to pay the bar's respects to Judge McClintic's family, offer the sympathy and condolences of the bar and its audience, and to prepare a suitable memorial."

B. S. Spillane, Jr., Fred O. Stone, former Gov. M. A. Holt, former Supreme Court Judge Harold A. Pitt and former Kanawha County Judge A. S. Alexander.

NOVEMBER 8, 1942



Judge's Picture to Be Unveiled

Shown is a reproduction of a portrait of the late Federal Judge George W. McClintic, which will be unveiled Thursday afternoon in the district federal court room at memorial services. The portrait is the work of Mrs. R. E. Barnes of 66 North Abney circle. Federal Judges Ben Moore, Harry E. Watkins and William Baker, many prominent attorneys and friends and members of the McClintic family will attend the ceremonies to start at 2 p. m.

Betty
McClintic



MRS. GEORGE W. MCCLINTIC

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary Ethel Knight McClintic, 64 years old, wife of Federal Judge George W. McClintic, who died Sunday morning, August 19, 1934, at their farm on Swago creek in Pocahontas county, after a long illness, will be held at the family residence, 1508 Kanawha street, at 10 a. m., Tuesday.

The family has requested that no flowers be sent.

While Mrs. McClintic was known to be gravely ill, she went with Judge McClintic and members of the family to the farm a few weeks ago to escape the heat of the city. The farm is situated on Swago creek, four miles from Marlinton.

It was thought that Mrs. McClintic would improve under the pleasant rural surroundings but her condition grew worse and death came early Sunday.

Mrs. McClintic was born on January 21, 1870, in Charleston, the daughter of the late Edward Boardman and Hannah Elizabeth (White) Knight. She was educated in private schools of Charleston and at Buchtel College, at Akron Ohio, which is now the University of Akron.

She was married on October 17, 1907, to George Warwick McClintic, who then, and until his appointment about 12 years ago to the federal bench, was actively engaged in the practice of law in Charleston.

Their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Knight McClintic, is a senior at Wellesley College.

Mrs. McClintic was an intelligent and cultured woman, attractive and possessed of great charm. Her life was lived in Charleston, except for summer absences for many years and occasional travel. She had a wide circle of friends both in Charleston and elsewhere. She was a member of the Kanawha Presbyterian Church.

Besides her husband and daughter, Mrs. McClintic is survived by her brother, Edward W. Knight, and his family, and by the widow and family of her deceased brother, Harold W. Knight, all of Charleston. — *Charleston Daily Mail* of August 20, 1934.

Elizabeth, (Betty) McClintic,
daughter of Judge and
Mrs. George McClintic



Property Given For Library



Miss Elizabeth McClintic, of Washington, D. C., and Buckeye, has presented the McClintic house, pictured above, on Tenth Avenue in Marlinton, to the Pocahontas County Library, Inc. The property is located one block from the Court House and is now rented as apartments. There are two apartments in the house and a small cottage at the rear of the lot. The interior is in good shape and the oil furnace is less than ten years old; some paint is needed on the outside. An architect from the Library Commission will inspect the property soon and make recommendations for any changes needed.

The house was built by the late Jack McClintic, uncle of Miss McClintic and father of Mrs. W. J. (Alice) Moore. He was practicing law in Hunterville when the County seat was moved to Marlinton; he soon tired of riding horses ten miles each day so moved his family to Marlinton.

Such a nice thing to do! Thank you.



Dr. Ernie Shaw, President of the Pocahontas County Library Board, Miss Elizabeth McClintic, Rev. Thomas Henderson, Member of the Library Board, and Fredric Glaser, of the West Virginia Library Commission.

Hunter M. Clintie



FATAL ACCIDENT.

H. H. McClintie Instantly Killed
By a Falling Tree.

H. H. McClintie, a prominent citizen and wealthy farmer of this county, was instantly killed last Friday afternoon on his farm on Williams River by a falling tree. He had spent a few days in consultation with his mother at the home of his brother, L. M. McClintie, and left for home Thursday afternoon. Friday with William McFerrer, an employee, he went to a distant part of his farm with a two-horse team for a load of timber. On the return the doubletree of the wagon broke at a place in the road opposite where a spruce tree had lodged in other trees. Neither went to the house for another doubletree and Mr. McClintie continued to reach the team.

He sat down on the upper side of the road near the butt of the lodged tree, and it is thought he must have gone to sleep as the spot was sheltered and the night before attending to his sheep. The lodged tree had all the blast of the upper part, and a large limb had been cut down across it and broke off a piece eight feet long at the butt without bringing it down, and it is hard to understand why it should fall on a rainy day. Probably some movement on the part of the vessel brought it down. The tree fell and crushed Mr. McClintie under it, falling across the back of his head and shoulders, killing him instantly.

The funeral took place from the home of L. M. McClintie Sunday. Services at the Presbyterian church, conducted by Rev. James McFerrer and Rev. Geo. W. Smith. A large concourse of people attended the services. He leaves surviving him his mother, Mrs. Mary A. McClintie, and four brothers: L. M. McClintie, of Marlinton; Geo. W. McClintie, of Charleston; William McClintie, of this county; and E. D. McClintie of Seattle, Washington. He was 34 years old and unmarried.

In the death of Mr. McClintie Pocahontas county loses one of its best and most progressive citizens. He was educated at Bowdoin College, and though well fitted for a professional career, chose life on the farm near to nature, of which he was a close observer and student.

He has made an enviable record for honesty and integrity in all his dealing. He owned the property on the Williams River.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1910

CLINTIE DEATH.

A very sad fatal accident occurred in the woods near the farm of H. H. McClintie, who was instantly killed by a falling tree. Mr. McClintie was on his farm on Williams River, and was engaged in cutting timber. He had a load of wood and was using the doubletree of his wagon to secure another load. The doubletree broke, and the wagon fell, crushing him. He was 34 years old and unmarried. His mother, Mrs. Mary A. McClintie, and four brothers are surviving him. He was a prominent citizen and a wealthy farmer. He was educated at Bowdoin College and was well fitted for a professional career, but chose life on the farm. He was a close observer and student of nature.

His mother, Mrs. Mary A. McClintie, and four brothers are surviving him. He was a prominent citizen and a wealthy farmer. He was educated at Bowdoin College and was well fitted for a professional career, but chose life on the farm. He was a close observer and student of nature. He was 34 years old and unmarried.



Edgar M. Clintie, father of
the playwright, Guthrie M. Clintie
of New York.
PLAY DIRECTOR + PRODUCER

AS COUNTY WEST VIRGIN

Death Of E. D. McClintic

A telegram was received here that E. D. McClintic, of Seattle, State of Washington, had departed this life on the morning of October 28, 1929.

Mr. McClintic was a native of Pocahontas county, and was the second son of the late W. H. McClintic, Esquire, of the Swago community, near Marlinton. Of the five sons of this family, E. D. McClintic was the second in point of age. At the time of his death he was about sixty-eight years old. Of the five brothers, W. McClintic, of the old home farm, and Judge Geo. W. McClintic are the survivors.

In his early youth, E. D. McClintic moved to the State of Washington where he was connected as scientist in the United States mint at Seattle, a position he occupied for a great many years. About 1898, he went to Alaska for a short time, but returned to his home and work in Seattle.

During the period of forty years or so since he left Pocahontas County he made few trips to his old home. The writer can recall but one visit back in that time. But he kept up his interest in his native county and in touch with friends here. He has lived a long and useful and happy life and played an important part as a citizen of his country. His early life was spent on the farm. He received a college education at Salem, in Roanoke College.

His wife preceded him to the tomb some years ago. He leaves surviving him one son, Guthrie McClintic, of New York City, a theatrical person who is remembered for the successful play, *The Dover Road*. Mrs. Guthrie McClintic is the famous actress, Katharine Cornell.

Ed McClintic was a big, broad-shoulder, brawny man, a descendant of the McClintic and Mathews families, very much beloved and respected. "Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas, ease after warre, death after life."

MRS. MCCLINTIC SHE IS EXCEPT ON THE STAGE

**Miss Cornell Keeps
Work and Private
Life Apart.**

Every week-day morning at 11 o'clock or thereabouts, in whatever city Katharine Cornell is acting, there will be seen on some quiet, attractive street or boulevard a slight feminine figure dressed more often than not in tweeds or a simple outdoor costume, walking as swiftly as two dachshunds on a leash will permit. Sometimes a third dog will accompany them, a cocker spaniel famed in the world of the theater by the name of Flush. The promenade will continue for an hour. Occasionally the woman will pause to exchange a few words with some other woman who also has a dog or two in tow.

Probably none of the people she will address will know her as one of the leading actresses of the stage, for she seldom is recognized outside the theater. If her stay in a town is long enough for these morning meetings to grow into more than a nod or a smile, she becomes known as Mrs. McClintic.

For Mrs. McClintic, except on the stage of her theater where she is acting, never is seen in public as Katharine Cornell. In fact, her appearances off-stage are exceedingly rare. Once in the proverbial blue moon she may visit a public restaurant and then the reason is obvious: she is entertaining some one who insists on "seeing the town."

When she is in New York, her week-ends are spent in the country in a small cottage an hour's ride from Times Square. From Saturday midnight until Monday late afternoon, Mrs. McClintic reads, sleeps, walks and talks with a few friends whom she invites for the week-end. If there is a concert, she turns on the radio, but generally it is silent. The house is unpretentious, though comfortably furnished. From its windows, the Hudson may be seen. There are long walks through the trees and there are a few neighbors who may be visited informally.

First Lady a Princess



KATHARINE CORNELL.

An unusual portrait of "The First Lady of the Stage" in her role of the Malay princess in Maxwell Anderson's new play, "The Wingless Victory."

Miss Cornell brings it to the Nixon next week for what has practically come to be her annual visit to Pittsburgh.

Occasionally Mrs. McClintic goes shopping. She has little interest in clothes unless they are for Katharine Cornell. She may indulge in what is for her an orgy of buying dresses and then it will be months before she again will enter a store. Once each week she goes to the hairdresser, a concession to Miss Cornell, to have her coiffure set for the stage. This never is changed in style during the run of a play as Mrs. McClintic's fashion of hair-dress entirely is governed by the role Miss Cornell is acting.

Mrs. McClintic never is late for an appointment, which she confesses is an evil habit, since so few other people are on time. She seldom writes letters and when she does her handwriting is difficult to read. Her mail naturally is voluminous and most of it is answered by her secretary. As she sees her letters, it is unnecessary for unknown correspondents to mark their envelopes "personal." When an autograph is given, it is hers, not her secretary's, but she charges 50 cents for this and gives the money to The Actors' Fund. Her reason is two-fold: It helps The Fund and it eliminates those who really don't care about them, but have nothing else to do except collect signatures.

She dislikes crowds and is extremely shy of strangers. She never has made a speech in her life and in this respect she resembles Miss Cornell, who at the most has never been able to say more than "Thank You" when an audience has insisted she say something. Mrs. McClintic has a season subscription to the Philharmonic and when she is in town seldom misses a concert. With her hat well pulled over her eyes, she always tries to avoid attention.

She was called Katharine because her mother liked that name. She has no "middle" name as her mother knew she would lose it when she married. She likes Katharine spelled as her mother spelled it. She reads all that the critics write about Miss Cornell, but what interests her most is what Mr. McClintic says about the actress. He, it will be remembered, is the stage woman's director.

Mrs. McClintic reads a great deal, two books every three days is her average and of five volumes three will be crime stories, the others being biographies, histories and novels. She has no hobby. She sometimes plays golf and tennis, but at late she has had little time for either. Once carpentering was recommended as a good thing for the nerves. She bought an elaborate set of tools and spent one week-end in the country sawing and hammering. That was the last ever heard of the saw and hammer.

No one knows Mrs. McClintic's opinion of Katharine Cornell, as she rarely mentions her.



Guthrie, Mary and Hunter

Back row Alice and Hunter
 Children of Rockbark McClinton
 Front row:
 Arthur son of Edgar McClinton
 Mary Ruth daughter of
 Rockbark
 Betty daughter of George
 McClinton





A TWENTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY. Katharine Cornell and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, in Philadelphia, celebrate the anniversary of their marriage. The party coincided with the start of a road tour of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma," in which Miss Cornell is the star.
(Photos by Associated Press and International.)

Memories of Alice Moore were written by Rev.

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!

One of my favorite amusements, as a child, was attending court. Court was held three times a year in our county, and the sessions drew an audience that comprised most of the able bodied people for miles around. Farmers came to town in the morning, bringing their wives and children with them, and spent the day. Their buying, and selling, and trading were all a part of the incidental activities of court week. I can remember our noon dinner table during court, surrounded by countless and casual cousins from Greenbank and the Levels.

A bell in the tower of the Courthouse summoned the devotees. Everyone came. Even the dogs made a point of being present. A water spaniel, belonging to a friend of mine, answered every tolling of that bell, whether his family went or not. Whenever the Courthouse bell rang, he hurried to the Courtroom. He even attended Teacher's Institute until those meetings were moved to the High School. He finally came to be looked upon as an honored member of the Bar.

No wonder Court was an integral part of my life, and the life of my friends: Our fathers were lawyers; our uncles, clerks; and our sisters, stenographers. Our houses were grouped around the Courthouse. We were so close to that building and the adjacent jail that our voices carried easily from one to the other. Sometimes they carried too easily. An old man who had worked for us was frequently incarcerated because of his fondness for corn liquor. His cries from the jail window were audible, and usually efficacious. "Oh Lord, Oh Lord" He would wail. "Come and get me out of this place." My father and the Lord were both omniscient in Bill's mind, - only my father was a more present help, since he invariably bailed Bill out, and the Lord, seemingly, never paid much attention to him.

We used to bet on the outcome of the trials, and argue over our fathers' powers. Each believed her father to be more eloquent and more persuasive than the others. Since they were often opposed, defending and prosecuting, we were at war, too. One of my good friends and I battled over a murder case for years. And this day I don't care whether the man was acquitted or not, I still believe he killed his wife!

When we went to court we did not sit back in the benches provided for the on lookers. No sir, we sat up front with the lawyers. We were a part of the Court. Women, Children and dogs, all cluttered up the bar. We were pretty well behaved, on the whole, quiet and attentive; but not so the dogs. Our Tackel, and Mr. Hill's Rowdy did not care for each other. They were both Airedales, somewhat elderly and set in their ways. In the midst of an important point in a case they were likely to start growling and stalk, stiff-legged, around each other. Sometimes the fight could be averted, but occasionally there was an added attraction in the Court Room - an honest to goodness dog fight. It was unfortunate, of course, when these little disturbances broke the continuity of a trial. It was after one such fracas that the judge threatened to fine my father and Mr. Hill for contempt of court if they brought those damn dogs into the Courtroom again. Poor Tackel! he had to be tied upon court days, thereafter it nearly broke his heart.

Arson, larceny, and manslaughter were a part of my vocabulary when I was still a baby. We followed the procedure of the courtroom and tried cases ourselves. They were never very successful, however, because we could not find, in our number, an impartial judge.

We were all secretly desirous of being called as witnesses. Once my hopes were almost realized. A man broke into our house one night and was about to set our house on fire when my sister surprised him. When he was tried I felt certain I would at last receive the coveted summons. I was the envy of my friends. But the trial was carried on, and a conviction secured, without my assistance. I was insulted; and besides my chin-chilla coat, a variety of clothe, don't misunderstand me, which had been soaked with kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

Since our town had no movies and few plays, the courtroom took the place of the theatre with us. When the curtain rose on an exciting trial we would be in our box seats, the chairs to the right of the judge. Those were our usual places, although during one June term I sat on the open window right beside the jury box. What a week that was; I was almost on the jury! We remained in our seats straight through the performance until noon recess. Then we went home to dinner and heard our fathers' comments on the morning's events. When the afternoon session convened we aired our fathers' opinions with the aplomb of veteran jurists. We weighed the evidence presented with infinite care and patience; and we decided the cases long before the foreman of the jury had handed his little slip of paper to the clerk. The outcome of a trial held for us the same fascination that a football score holds for a modern child. Those tense hours of waiting for the verdict are as real to us, even yet, as the hole in my stocking today.

Of course, it might be supposed that our constant attendance in a courtroom result in some damage to our character. Not so, the judge and the court, no doubt flattered by our frank admiration and regular attendance, kept a strict watch upon our morals. Whenever there was anything of a questionable nature to be introduced into the evidence the judge would make his announcement. "All ladies and children must leave the courtroom." And Annie Lange, the timid husky, was always the first to depart!

Music - and the Child

I spent my childhood and grew up in a small town. That phase, grew up, is certainly true, for when I grew I didn't go around with lilies, I grew by the yard, and finally attained a mature height which is still regarded as phenomenal; and which is not altogether unrelated to my musical life, especially the recitals.

In that age and town no female of the species was regarded as a lady unless she had taken, or was taking, music lessons. By music lessons we meant piano lessons. The other musical instruments were sublimely disregarded. My mother, of course, was determined that my social attainments should compare favorably with my friends'. She was even ambitious for me. Once she told me that her joy would know no bounds if someday I could take cousin Grace's place at the Presbyterian Church and play for services!

The question of ability, or talent, or inclination did not enter into consideration. To the social set, of the town music lessons were in the same category with spelling lessons. They were a necessary part of every young girl's training. To me, they were in the same class with catechism. Only, instead of taking them twice a year, I had a dose twice a week. The only time I laid a finger on the piano was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my mother mentioned the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key" means; but I can entertain myself when I am sure I am alone.

Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in our work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all contented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up. If Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occasion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolets and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were produced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for their surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the signs of its former occupations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possessed of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "church" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," "Twenty Cents an Hour," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability, the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax, at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage, and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellions at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Periodically, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is taken, an official vote, in a regular election, and the outcome is always the same; -Cows are allowed to walk the streets of Marlinton unaccompanied. The county paper carries the headline, "Cows Win Again!"

The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising. Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing decidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences surround their property. Gates are sometimes left open by careless people, and the indictment has been made, too, that several cows have opened gates themselves. Each time a resident arises in the morning and finds his spinach devoured, the Antis gain a convert, and the fighting breaks out afresh.

A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

Page 3. Pasteurized

and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to developments. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!

Edgar Family Started R

Capt. Thomas Edgar Built His Home at S

BY GEORGE W. McCLINTIC.

Thomas Edgar was born in Bedford County, Virginia, on the 27th day of September, 1750. His father was George Edgar, and his mother was Elizabeth Edgar. Just when he came to Greenbrier County is not clear to me, but I do know he was there as early as 1780. He then filled the very important office of County Surveyor. In those days a County Surveyor was appointed by the president and professors of the College of William and Mary, but each one was usually recommended by the County Court of the County. This office required a real mathematical education.

The following appears in the record book of Greenbrier County:

"At Court of Quarter Session Begun and Held for the County of Greenbrier August 17, 1784; Thomas Edgar came into court and resigned his office of surveyor of the county; whereupon the Court recommended, according to law, Alexander Welch to the Honorable the President and Professors of the College of William and Mary as a proper person for such office."

In the constitution of the fourth anniversary of the formation of Greenbrier County shown, the county was formed in 1776, and it seems that Thomas Edgar was the first Surveyor of Greenbrier County.

One of his earliest acts as such Surveyor concerned the

10th day of Oct

He was a Academy, after legs, now Was versity, in 1784

Among the Greenbrier Co Sheriff under Sheriff, as he He was one Greenbrier Co years. He was ty Court to p county duties contribution to was appointed committee to of a county p

It was quite leading lands to keep what diary." Lab used, and still came into co orders of com persons to b these Bureau ment." At in "best families farmers and for that purp son West in great many y ally made it well conducted It might be that in these

It is not generally known to this generation that the territory now Lewisburg apparently was once a lake. There were no trees on that part called the "Savannah." No clearing was necessary, unless for the purpose of clearing out a greater or less thicket of small brush, such as hazelnut, thorn and willow bushes. Around this territory the forest trees were thick, but they ceased abruptly at the high-water mark of the ancient lake bed.

Captain Edgar did survey a forty-acre square, and the square was divided into half-acre lots and sold. The original trustees of the Town of Lewisburg, of which Thomas Edgar was one, were sworn to withhold the title to a lot until the purchaser had built a cabin fifteen feet square, with a stone chimney. It is said that Captain Matthew Arbuckle bought one of these lots and built his cabin as a nucleus for the town.

Thomas Edgar lived four miles from the Town of Lewisburg on the lands upon which the City of Hanceville now stands.

In the record of Greenbrier County Court in of February 17th, 1797, the following item appears thereon:

"Thomas Edgar requests the County Surveyor to re-survey his lands wherever he now lives at St. Lawrence."

The writer of this article wonders if this is where the name of the St. Lawrence River & Manufacturing Company, which is long spread at Hanceville came.

Thomas Edgar married Ann McClintock, daughter of Andrew and Laura McClintock, at St. Lawrence, on the 21st day of March, 1798. She was born on the

feather bed, six.
Rate for ordinary
chaff bed, four;
Wine per gallon—
Whiskey per gallon—
Hay for horses, two
one shilling, three
Oats per gallon—
Corn per gallon—
Certainly these are
too much profit to
"ordinary."

In the session of
Virginia, begun
and ending December
as Edgar and William
Edlish were the members
brier County. The
title mentions William
Edlish for the reason
became the husband
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Thomas Edgar
very leading citizen
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Greenbrier until he
emerged on the 11th.

He was one of the
estate of his father
Matthew, who died
after many public
exhibition of the
as a member of the

Recently the city
lost his memory, a
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the street called "E
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There is a tradition
family that the land
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Continued on

Family Started Ronceverte

Edgar Built His Home at St. Lawrence Ford

McCLINTON.

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In those days
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duties. He was
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He was appointed
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of a county prison.

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In 1784, the
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17th day of October, 1785.

He was a trustee of Liberty Hall
Academy, afterwards Washington Col-
lege, now Washington and Lee Uni-
versity, in 1784.

Among the offices held by him in
Greenbrier County was that of Deputy
Sheriff under William Herick—High
Sheriff, as he was called in those days.
He was one of the Magistrates of
Greenbrier County for a great many
years. He was appointed by the Coun-
ty Court to perform a great many
duties. He was often on a
commission to view a new road. He
was appointed more than once on a
commission to provide for the building
of a county prison.

It was quite usual in those days for
trading houses to get licenses
to keep what was then called an "or-
dinary." Later the word " Tavern" was
used, and still later the word "Hotel"
came into common use. I have seen
orders of county courts which licensed
persons to keep what was called, in
those times, "places of entertain-
ment." At least we can say that the
"hotel families" were doing it, and many
farmers and householders got licenses
for that purpose. The great immigra-
tion that is from here, and the
great many people afterwards, especially
the great numbers of business, which
was conducted, was very profitable.

It would not be surprising to find

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those times, "places of entertain-
ment." At least we can say that the
"best families" were doing it, and many
farmers and landholders got licenses
for that purpose. The great immigra-
tion West in those days, and for a
great many years afterwards, undoubt-
edly made this line of business, when
conducted reasonably profitable.

It might not be uninteresting to say
that in those days, and for many years
afterwards, the County Court fixed the
prices of lodging, meals, wines and
liquors. A sample page wherein the
Court fixed such things (in January,
1782) is as follows:

"Rate for ordinaries—lodging in
feather bed, six pence.
Rate for ordinaries—lodging in
straw bed, four pence.
Wine per gallon—twenty shillings.
Whisky per gallon—ten shillings.
Hay for horses, twenty-four hours,
one shilling, three pence.
Oats per gallon—six pence.
Corn per gallon—seven pence."

Certainly these rates did not allow
too much profit to the keeper of an
"ordinary."

In the session of the Legislature of
Virginia, begun October 18th, 1780,
and ending December 18th, 1780, Thomas
as Speaker and William Minter Clerk
that was the session when the
Court was organized. The action of the ad-
visory committee William Minter Clerk
was to set the rates for 1780 as
before. The members of this House
the day after the session of the

chaff bed, four pence.
Wine per gallon—twenty shillings.
Whiskey per gallon—ten shillings.
Hay for horses, twenty-four hours,
one shilling, three pence.
Oats per gallon—six pence.
Corn per gallon—nine pence."

Certainly these rates did not allow too much profit to the keeper of an "ordinary."

In the session of the Legislature of Virginia, begun October 18th, 1790, and ending December 29th, 1790, Thomas Edgar and William Hunter Cavendish were the members from Greenbrier County. The writer of this article mentions William Hunter Cavendish for the reason that in 1804 he became the husband of Alice Mann McCulloch, the then widowed great-grandmother of this writer.

Thomas Edgar continued to be a very leading citizen, in every proper sense of the word, of the County of Greenbrier until his death, which occurred on the 15th day of July, 1822.

He was one of the executors of the estate of his father-in-law, Archer McCulloch, who died in 1786. He looked after many public affairs in the government of the county, and continued as a member of the County Court.

Recently the city of Greenbrier has named his memory, and that of the Edgar family, by changing the name of the street called "Market Avenue" to "Edgar Avenue."

There is a tradition in the Edgar family that the lands of Greenbrier were granted to Thomas Edgar by some

(Continued from Page One)

married
of Nov.
this union
who married
Kentucky;
married J.
Alabama;
B. Edgar;
Graham E.

1797: Eighty-three acres Spring Creek in 1809; Nine hundred thirty acres adjoining Holesapple in 1801.

All these grants were made in Greenbrier County. The same index shows that he had a grant of ninety-three hundred thirty acres of land Kanawha River, in Montgomery County in 1797.

The records compiled in the so-called "Dunamore's War" show that Thomas Edgar was a soldier in the Battle of Point Pleasant on the 10th of October, 1774. The family tradition is that this was our Thomas Edgar. This writer has not had the time or opportunity to look up the records of what is termed the "Revolutionary War," and details cannot be given of his service therein.

The children of the union of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar were:

ELIZABETH EDGAR, born 1781, died 1786.

LETTIE EDGAR, born July 24, 1781, died 1786.

SARAH EDGAR, born 1782, died 1786.

MARY EDGAR, born July 1783, died 1786.

LEWIS EDGAR, born Jan. 1784, died 1786.

THOMAS EDGAR JR., born the 1st day of August, 1787.

ARCHER MATHEWS EDGAR, born July 2, 1789, and

ANN M. EDGAR, born the 31st day of March, 1801.

Of the children named above, Elizabeth Edgar married a Mr. Brown and died in Oak Grove, Alabama, on June 1st, 1861.

Mary Edgar married Arthur Walkup, and she died on the 15th day of July, 1821, leaving one daughter, Ann Eliza Walkup.

Lewis Edgar married James Withers, died on the 9th day of June, 1824. The children of her marriage with James Withers were James, John, Edgar, Mary, Lucy, Maria, Margaret, Elizabeth, Virginia, Sarah and Lettie. Two children of this marriage, to-wit, James and John, became very leading citizens of the town of Lewisburg.

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Miss Kate lived 10 to the three years.

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ARCHER MATTHEW EDGAR, born July 2, 1799, and

ANN M. EDGAR, born the 3rd day of March, 1803.

Of the children named above, Leatha Edger married a Mr. Brown and died in Gainesville, Alabama, on June 21st, 1883.

Mary Edger married Arthur Walkup, and she died on the 12th day of July, 1818, leaving one daughter, Ann Eliza Walkup.

Leatha Edger married James Withrow, died on the 9th day of June, 1834. The children of her marriage with James Withrow were James, John, Edgar, Mary, Lucy, Maria, Margaret, Elizabeth, Virginia, Sarah and Letitia. Two children of this marriage, John James and John, became very leading citizens of the town of Lewisburg.

James Withrow Jr. married Mary Jane Kincaid, and had a large family of children, all of whom have passed away except his daughter, Mrs. Anna Montgomery, who lives in Franklin, Kentucky, and his only descendant living in the County of Greenbrier is James Withrow and Nancy Withrow Burke.

Sarah Edger married Mr. Morris, of Christian County, Kentucky, and the writer is not advised as to any descendants.

Lewis Edger died on the 15th day of August, 1798.

Thomas Edger Jr. married Ellen Buchanan. He died on the 20th day of March, 1863, at Madison, Mississippi. He left descendants: Colonel George Buchanan Edger, Mrs. Ann Edger Buchanan, Miss Kate Edger, and James Thomas Edger, all born in Monroe County, West Virginia.

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George Mathews Edgar was born on the 1st day of March, 1837, and died on the 18th day of October, 1913. He married Rebecca Fry on the 14th day of November, 1867. The children of this union were: Gertrude Douglass, who married Dr. John T. Van Bant, of Kentucky; Elizabeth Randolph, who married Judge Orman Somerville, of Alabama; George Thomas Edgar; John B. Edgar; Russell Bliss Edgar, and Graham Edgar.

George Mathews Edgar was a Confederate soldier, the Colonel of the well known, in the Greenbrier Valley, Edgar's Battalion. He was recognized as a very brave soldier, and he fought in many battles. Two local newspapers were two engagements during the Lewisburg campaign in 1862 and the other in the spring of 1863; and he was awarded two Iron Medals, with a sword and seven other decorations.

He was awarded a handsome sword by the nation of Lewisburg. His battalion fought valuable action at the Battle of Dry Mountain. He was especially conspicuous for gallantry in the Battle of Cold Mountain.

The courage and efficiency of Col. Edgar was attested by various reports of superior officers, which are to be found in the records of the War between the States.

Mrs. Kate Edgar never married, and lived to the advanced age of eighty-three years.

Mrs. Ann Edgar Randolph married Dr. Thomas Randolph, of Knoxville, Kentucky, and after his death she re-

by the ladies of Lexington. He rendered valuable service in the Battle of New Market. He was especially conspicuous for gallantry in the Battle of Cold Harbor.

The courage and efficiency of Col. Edgar was attested by various reports of superior officers, which are to be found in the records of the War Between the States.

Mrs. Kate Edgar never married, and lived to the extreme age of ninety-three years.

Mrs. Ann Edgar Randolph married Dr. Thomas Randolph, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, and after his death she became a missionary to China and Japan for twenty-two years, for the Southern Presbyterian Church. In her comparatively old age she returned to the United States and lived, for many years, at the Presbyterian Home in Petersburg, Virginia, and died there in March, 1901.

Arthur Matthews Edgar married Mary H. Pearle in Giles County, Virginia, on the 18th day of January, 1868. Their children were Henry Clay Edgar, born on the 2nd day of January, 1869, who died in infancy on the 1st day of October, 1873.

Elizabeth Ann Edgar was born the 25th day of November, 1874, and married Lewis S. Cough on the 1st day of January, 1898. She died on the 11th day of September, 1907. They had one son, Alfred Edgar Cough.

Alfred Matthew Edgar was born on the 1st day of July, 1907, and died in 1911. He was a cadet in the Confederate Army and held the rank of Captain of a company. He was in many battles and ranked as one of the bravest of soldiers.

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on the 20th day of January, 1832. Their children were Henry Clay Edgar, born on the 3rd day of January, 1835, and who died in infancy on the 20th day of October, 1832.

Elizabeth Ann Edgar was born the 15th day of November, 1814, and married Lewis B. Creigh on the 4th day of January, 1840. She died on the 10th day of September, 1897. They had one son, Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Alfred Mallory Edgar was born on the 15th day of July, 1847, and died in 1911. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army, and held the rank of Captain of a company. He was in many battles and ranked as one of the best of soldiers.

He married Lydia McNeil on the 15th day of June, 1875. They lived in Buchanan County. The children of this marriage were Della Howard, who married Frank Raymond; Elizabeth Sue Edgar, who married Harvey Winters McNeil; Alice Felt Edgar, who married Caroline Green; George Francis Edgar, who married Laura Cullum, and Rachel A. Edgar, who married Moffat McNeil.

Charles F. Edgar was born the 15th day of December, 1839, and married George Perry. Their children were William Richard Perry and—

Thomas Hove Edgar was born on the 10th day of March, 1841. He was never married. He died on the 20th day of February, 1914.

Della Edgemoor Edgar was born on the 1st day of May, 1847, and died in—

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The last child of Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar was Ann Mathews Edgar. She was born on the 31st day of March, 1882. She married Sampson Leathard Mathews, and died on the 10th day of August, 1879. The only child of this marriage was Mary Ann Mathews, born on the 11st day of October, 1886. She was married on the 14th day of June, 1893, to William Hunter McClain.

The children of this marriage were Lathard Mathews McClain, born on the 10th day of April, 1889; Edgar Edgar McClain, born on the 14th day of March, 1891; Henry Hunter McClain, born on the 14th day of June, 1893; William McClain, born on the 22nd day of April, 1894, and the writer of this paper, George Warwick McClain, born on the 14th day of January, 1896. All of whom, except the last named, have passed away.

Edward Edgar Craig was long a leading citizen in the city of Knoxville, in the business world and in his church, and was very well known and respected in his whole of Greenbrier County. He married Minnie Bates, who is still living. The children of this union were Edgar Bates Craig, Louis

The children of this marriage were Lockhart Mathews McClintic, born on the 12th day of April, 1860; Edgar Dugas McClintic, born on the 14th day of March, 1861; Henry Hunter McClintic, born on the 18th day of June, 1862; Withrow McClintic, born on the 22nd day of April, 1864, and the writer of this paper, George Warwick McClintic, born on the 14th day of January, 1866. All of whom, except the last named, have passed away.

Alfred Edgar Creigh was long a leading citizen in the city of Ronceverte, in the business world and in his church, and was very well known and respected in the whole of Greenbrier County. He married Minnie Betts, who is still living. The children of that union were: Edgar Betts Creigh; Lewis Stuart Creigh; John Preston Creigh; David Betts Creigh; Sarah Ide Creigh; William Betts Creigh; Elizabeth Edgar Creigh; Thomas Frederick Creigh; Charles Stuart Creigh; Samuel Finley Creigh, and Alfred Edgar Creigh.

Two of these have passed away, to-wit: John Preston Creigh and David Betts Creigh. The others have scattered, and are respected citizens in various parts of the United States. Four of them were soldiers in the World War at one time, and I well remember Alfred Edgar Creigh wearing, with pride, the emblem of four stars.

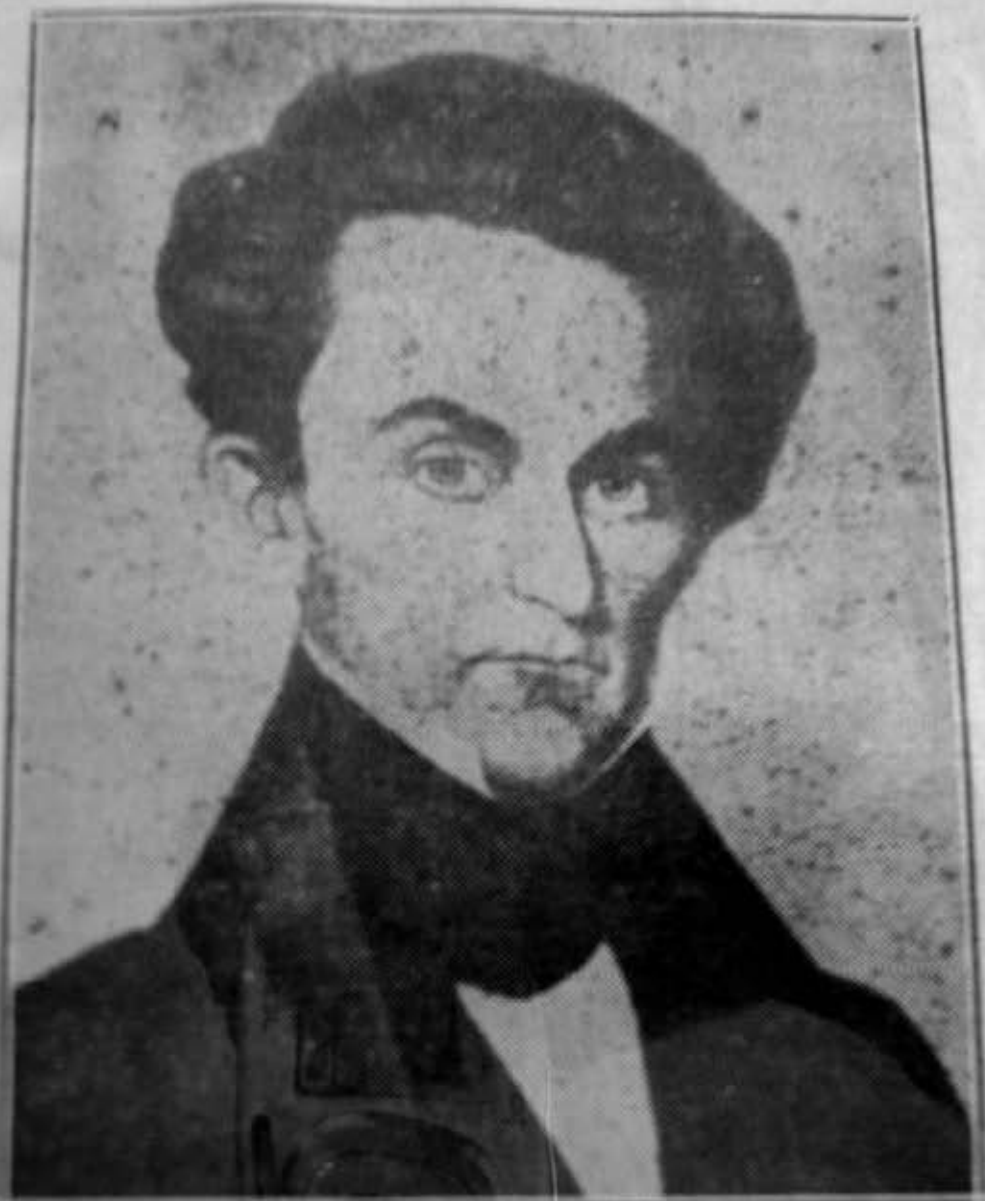
The above tells, in a small way of the life of a man who was very prominent in Greenbrier County from the time of its making to the date of his death in 1922. It is written without giving to it the same old-fashioned details that his life deserves.

Edgar Creigh. The others have scattered, and are respected citizens in various parts of the United States. Four of them were soldiers in the World War at one time, and I well remember Alfred Edgar Creigh wearing, with pride, the emblem of four stars.

The above tells, in a small way of the life of a man who was very prominent in Greenbrier County from the time of its making to the date of his death in 1883. It is written without giving to it the time and attention to details that his life deserves.

He was buried in the graveyard adjoining the Old Stone Church in Lewisburg. His widow, Ann Matthews Edgar, survived him thirty years, and was buried in the same graveyard in 1913.

Many other Edgar connections came to Greenbrier County, and lived and died there, the most notable one being Mary, sometimes called "Polly," Edgar, who became the wife of Joseph Matthews and who was the grandmother of Governor Henry Mason Matthews and Captain Alexander Ferdinand Matthews. Thomas Edgar's descendants have a right to feel proud of this ancestor, knowing that in his lifetime he was a useful citizen, respected and loved by the people of Greenbrier County.



CAPTAIN THOMAS EDGAR

Born in Bedford County, Virginia, Sept. 27, 1750, died at his home at St. Lawrence Ford (now Rembertville) July 15, 1822. A leading citizen in the early history of Chesapeake, he was the first Surveyor of the county; was ordered to lay-out a forty-acre square for the Town of Lewinsburg, created in 1782, and was one of the original trustees of Lewinsburg, organized by the Virginia Assembly. About 1791, Capt. Thomas Edgar built his home near St. Lawrence Ford (the first house in what is now the City of Rembertville, upon lands granted him earlier by the King of England). The old Edgar home was located along the stream that junctions Freshford Road, along the present site of the former Brown Drug Store building. A marker, just completed, indicates the spot, and will be dedicated Saturday, June 13th, at 9:30 a. m., with Judge George W. McCluskey, of Charleston, as the speaker, and who is a distinguished descendant of the Edgar family.



ANN MATTHEWS EDGAR



THE EDGAR HOME IN RONCEVERTE.

The old Edgar home passed from that family into the hands of Colonel E. C. Clay, the founder of Ronceverte. When it was built cannot be definitely established, but the above picture was probably taken when it was the home of Colonel Clay. The next owner was the late Colonel Ellery C. Best, manager of the St. Lawrence Iron & Manufacturing Company. Colonel Best enlarged and improved it extensively, adding a story and various other additions, including the remarkable round tower so favored in the architecture of the mansions of that time.

Much as the Bests improved and enlarged it, it is said to contain in its structure in places rather some of the timbers of the original Edgar home.

When the Bests lived there and that was from the middle 1880s until about 1900, the house was called "Edgerton." It was one of the popular centers of the social life of Ronceverte. It was an establishment lacking nothing for that time, with ample stables and horses, tennis and croquet grounds, and a fine swimming pool. Some of the original property was sold by one of the Bests, but still a valuable place. It is the present home of the prominent Ronceverte merchant, Mr. J. J. Trowley and family.



P. A. Williams & Sons. Artists, from Greensboro, Pa.

Mary Ann Matthews McClinton, wife of William McClinton

Mother of

Robertson M. McClinton
Judge George McClinton
H. Hunter McClinton

Edgar McClinton
William McClinton



B. A. Williams & Co.

Artists, from Greenhouse, N.Y.